Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyse, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, you are Musicks master.
Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most vertuous Princesse.
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.
King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoole-master.
King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought

Of

Of mine leuy offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Traitor?
King. I, traitor.
Per. Euen in his throate, vnlesse it be a King,
That cals me traitor, I returne the lye.
King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courag
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prooue, hee's honours enemie.
King. No? here comes my daughter, she can witn

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?
King. Yea mistris, are you so peremptoy?
I am glad of it with all my heart,
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in subiection.
Will you, not hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
As great in blood as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistresse, eyther frame
Your will to mine; and you sir, heare you,
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you——
Man and wife; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too: and being ioynd,